PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Henry Merrill, a Vermont boy, has just been appointed by the Chinese Government to act as chief commissioner of customs at Ceres at a salary of $12,000.

—Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland has been for some years engaged in a close study of the life and work of St. Augustine, with the purpose in view of writing a book upon him and his mother, Monica.

—Mrs. Shaw, of New York, is winning fame and money as a whistler. Her services are in great demand at private entertainments in that city, and her patrons are among the most prominent society people.

—A young lady who was formerly one of the Wells College girls, says: "Mrs. Cleveland was the greatest favorite I ever knew, for when mending day came every girl in the college would gladly have darned her stockings." Could good will or philantropay go beyond this?

—Prof. Langley, the astronomer, who has just been elected Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, is one of the lions of Washington society. He is much sought after for dinner parties. His bright eyes and enthusiastic manner contradict the signs of old age seen in his gray hairs.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—There is a colored citizen named J. T. Shufton in Orlando, Ga., who is a graduate of Howard University in both literary and law branches. After he graduated he was admitted to practice in the United States Circuit Court and the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. He is also a graduate in medicine.

—The first lines Andrew Carnegie wrote for print appeared in the New York *Tribune*, and for them Horace Greeley wrote him a letter of thanks. Mr. Carnegie has a great many photographs of his recent coaching trip in England, the most of which were taken by Mrs. Carnegie, who is as good a photographer as she is a musician.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Washington is a great book-buying center. In a book-store in that city one afternoon recently the following well-known persons were gathered at the same moment: Mrs. Cleveland, Justices Gray, Matthews and Harlan, several members of the Chinese Legation, Secretaries Bayard and Whitney, Congressmen French and West and Senators Stockbridge and Edmunds.

HUMOROUS.

—A man can go back on relations,
And it will not disturb the world's plan;
But, ah, it's a different matter
When relations go back on the man.
—*Tid-Bits.*

—At the theater—Wife—"What are you going out for?" Husband—"To see a man." After the theater, at home—Husband—"What are you looking under the bed for?" Wife—"To see a man."—*Critic.*

—Dakota Lady (to bride of a year)—"I understand, Mrs. Pullquick, that your husband has reformed somewhat since his marriage." Mrs. Pullquick—"Oh, my, yes; John drinks as hard as ever, but he doesn't shoot as many people as he used to."—*Epoch.*

—A young lady of Philadelphia received a special-delivery letter. The messenger handed her the book to sign for it. She took the book and, instead of writing her signature, she wrote: "Dear John: Glad to hear from you. Come up Sunday night." She had answered the letter.

—Omaha Lawyer—"Well, I wouldn't want to be a Czar. The paper says the Emperor of Russia was frightened half out of his wits recently by seeing a commercial drummer with a sample case under his arm edging up to him." Omaha Merchant—"Well, well! I didn't know the Czar ever kept store."—*Omaha World.*

—Wife—"John, it's time to get up and build a fire." John—"Thank you, my dear, for reminding me, but I've turned over a new leaf. I've sworn off from building fires." As John picks himself up from the floor he sullenly mutters: "These New Year's swear-offs never do amount to any thing anyway."—*Peoria Transcript.*

—Omaha Dame—"So you are named after your father? I suppose, though, your mamma has some pet name for you?" Little Boy—"No; she calls me Will, same as she does papa." "When she is in another room and calls I don't see how you can tell which one she means—you or your papa." "Oh, that's easy enough. She always calls me kind o' coaxing you know"—*Omaha World.*

—A young lady who from her accent owed her origin to the Emerald Isle, walked to one of the money order windows in the post-office yesterday and, laying down twenty dollars, asked that they be sent to her sister in Belfast, Ireland. "Ah," asked the clerk, "you have made a misiake. Go to the foreign window. This is the domestic.' "Made a mistake, have I?" was the triumphant rejoiner. "Well, now, that's when I lave you out in the cold. Shure, and I'm a domistic meself."—*Philadelphia Call.*

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

How Vegetable and Fruit Growers Can Make Their Lot a Happy One.

Now let every one of us go to the middle of the cabbage patch or to the warm side of the packing shed and resolve:

That we will buy neither seeds nor plants of any man without reputation.

That we will have none but perfectly honest pickers and burn every box that persists in getting the best berries or the nicest peas on top.

That in the future we will apply all the manure the crops can possibly use, and then put on a few loads more.

That, beginning as soon as these resolutions are finished, we will so plan and work that every thing is done at the earliest seasonable moment.

That we will join some club or society for those of our vocation; or, if there is none near, that we will labor zealously to establish one.

That right now we will begin such a system of accounts that we may know at the close of each year how much we have made and how we made it.

That we will hereafter keep a notebook to record experience gained and to provide for work being done better each year.

That we won't think that we know it all; but, on the contrary, we will be glad to get hints from others, and to this end will visit brother gardeners who are very successful.

That we will endeavor to educate the people to a large consumption of vegetables and fruits by setting them a good example, not giving our own families only those which are unmarketable.

That we will so beautify our home that the house and grounds may show that, while one branch of gardening is business, another branch is pleasure.

That we won't change commission men every year, or so treat them that they will want us to change—unless they cheat.

That we will clear up the grounds each fall, instead of leaving litter for destructive insects, their eggs or larvæ.

That before spring work begins we will overhaul all implements and vehicles and put them in good condition.

That we won't hire lazy, thoughtless laborers because we can get them for a few cents per day less than good laborers.

That we will select and order in time seeds, plants or trees needed, and not delay till they can not arrive in good time.

That we will not expect good crops of currants and gooseberries from bushes growing in sod and never pruned.

That we will never again send any product to market without first assorting it, and that we will use every honest means to increase the attractiveness of fruits or vegetables when displayed to consumers.

That we won't get the novelty craze, yet will keep out of ruts; that while we won't fly off at tangents, we won't be a clam.

That every time we spend a dollar for tobacco we will give the wife a like amount to spend as she pleases; or will allow her a purse of her own.

That we will spend as much time in talking garden as in talking politics, and will seek to "reform the country," not by talk, but by hard work on our own premises.

Finally, that we will be better men and gardeners; that we will grumble less and hoe more and put trust in Providence and kerosene emulsion, cyanides, slug-shot and Paris-green.—*American Garden.*

Plowing Frozen Ground.

Sometimes land may be profitably plowed in winter when slightly frozen. A thin slice of frozen earth is no serious obstruction to the plow with a good cutter in advance, nor is it any injury when turned to the bottom of the furrow. Rather curiously it makes the land warmer and dryer early in spring than it would otherwise be. The explanation of this singular fact is that the frozen earth holds the furrow up and prevents it from becoming as compact as it otherwise would fall, especially if wet. While the frozen slice at the bottom thaws by internal heat of the soil beneath it, the furrow above it meanwhile freezes, thus insuring not only disintegration of soil to that depth, but a looseness of texture that admits the warm air in spring when the furrow thaws out. A heavy sod plowed when there is a very thin slice of frozen soil among the grass roots makes a particularly mellow seed bed in spring. The frost works it down about as well as working on it half the summer could do.—*American Cultivator.*

—A little East Boston girl whose mother had entertained her the other day with the enumeration of table delicacies, particularly mentioned quail on toast as one of the most desirable of dishes, was surprised at the little one a day or two after, when the child, in response to the query as to what she would have for dinner, promptly replied: "Oh, mamma, I want some whale on toast!"—*Golden Days.*

YORK STATE SAVAGES.

Ferocious People Who Live in Burrows Like Wolves and Foxes.

That people exist in the State of New York who live like prairie dogs in holes in the ground would hardly be credited by many people. Yet it is a fact, and such a community, one hundred and fifty souls in number, exists not more than eighty miles from New York City and less than five miles from the Hudson river.

In the Paltz mountains, in Ulster County, there is a tribe of people generally known as Pang Yangers, who live in a place in the mountains called Pang Yang. These people are a mixture of the white, negro and Indian races, and seldom is a pure blood of either race found among them.

In the summer they pick berries on the mountains and sell to fruit speculators. In winter they live by begging in the neighboring towns and villages. The language spoken is a dialect of Holland Dutch mixed with the Indian tongue, as spoken by the Mohican or Delaware tribe before the revolutionary war.

The marriage rite is practically unknown and entirely disregarded among them. Such a thing as a Supreme Being they have no conception of, except to use the name in a profane way. Immorality among these people has never been looked upon as a crime. They look upon stealing as a lawful business.

Their habitations are of the worst description, at the best nothing but huts, while the majority are mere dugouts in the side of a hill, with a blanket hung before the opening to keep out the wind and rain. They are extremely filthy, and dirt could not be taken off them in any other way than to patiently chip it off with a hatchet. Their appearance is very much different from any mixed race either in the South or West. The men are stalwart and many of them over six feet in height, swarthy as a Malay, with crisp black hair and piercing black eyes. The women have much the same general appearance.

In dress they wear the odds and ends of every thing in the shape of clothing that they can beg, borrow or steal. Crossing the mountains through Pang Yang when a boy, the writer remembers having seen an aged woman wearing a dress made out of an old patchwork quilt, clad like Joseph in a coat of many colors.

None of these people can read, and they have no idea of what is going on in the great world around them. There are old men who have spent all their lives within an hour's journey of the Hudson river who have never seen a steamboat.

Some people say they first sprang from the Tory refugees who sought shelter in the mountains from the wrath of the patriotic Dutch farmers of Kingston, who had their town burned by the British during the revolutionary war. Others claim that the community sprang from an escaped slave who ran away from his master before slaves were liberated in New York State, and a white woman who went with him, together with a few recruits they gathered around them from time to time in the shape of Indians. Others say that they just grew, like Topsy. Whatever their origin may be, it is like that of the gypsies, buried in the past.—*N. Y. Press.*

RAILWAY CONDUCTORS.

Married Men Preferred by the Managers of Transportation Companies.

The railroad companies, as a rule, greatly prefer that their conductors should be men of family for the twofold reason that they are more easily located when wanted, and, again, for the influence for good that a loving wife and affectionate children may have over him. "A man will often hesitate before doing a wrong which might send him to the penitentiary when he has a wife and children at home to look after and care for," remarked a railroad superintendent yesterday. This led him to say that the fatigues of a long run made the conductors anxious for the peace and quiet of home, and when they have one they can nearly always be found at it.

Conductors dissipate very little nowadays. The man who drinks, even when off duty, is not the proper party to intrust with the lives of a great number of people. It is a rare thing to see one of them in a bar-room, and if seen there he does not tarry long. One of the oldest and most popular conductors of St. Louis is at present lying off, with no prospect of securing a job again soon. He has been resting for a year. When the superintendent under whom he worked was asked the reason for this enforced idleness he candidly answered that there was nothing against the man except his failing of taking an occasional drink. The company could not afford to employ men who tippled for such responsible work when there were so many good and temperate men anxious to fill the same positions.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—In Burlington, Vt., the street-cars have been put on runners.

IMPURITIES OF AIR.

They Destroy More Lives Than Impure Water and Foods Combined.

Man is constantly taking in supplies, but is very apt to take especial notice of those which require some special work on his part. The acts of eating and drinking and putting on apparel demand his actual attention, and much of his life work is expended in securing materials therefor.

But the air is free. So, too often, he takes it as it comes and gives himself no concern about it. All well as a rule, if only we could have it as furnished in the great open; for nature, when she attempts to supply any thing ready for use, does not make a mistake, if only her conditions of reception are complied with. But the great trouble is that sometimes by necessity and oftener by neglect, we substitute artificial conditions which deteriorate that which nature has supplied, and make no compensating arrangements. This is especially true as to air. The crowded street and the encasement of the house are artificial, and offer us air in a very different condition from that in which it occurs in nature.

The ground and matter decaying under artificial conditions and factories and various human methods, are constantly sending into the air organic matters faster than decompositions and neutralizations have been provided for them. Hence, instead of the nitrogen, oxygen and moisture proportioned, as furnished, we add carbonic oxide, carbonic dioxide, carbureted hydrogen, sulphurous and sulphuric acids, sulphureted hydrogen, ammonium sulphide, carbon sulphide, hydrochloric acid, ammonia, ammonium acetate, sulphide and carbonate, nitrous and nitric acids and phosphureted hydrogen, and so have a compound not suited for breathing purposes. As neither the nose, the mouth nor the lungs are provided with any separating apparatus for these various gases, we must somehow seek to rid the air of these impurities or reduce them to a minimum. The only way to do this is to keep these out of the air or neutralize them or dilute them. All of these methods are more or less available, and often our success depends upon the combination of the three. We keep them out of the air by coming to understand the sources from which they are derived, and by abating these sources or reducing their number when practicable. When we can not do this, or ought not, we seek to bring into play those forces of Nature which will make compensation. Thus every person in breathing sends some of these materials into the air. But by oxidation and various other processes provision has been made for this, and the products are quickly utilized or destroyed. But if we remove ourselves from the open air, or from the places where these processes are going on, we must take provision for their introduction or for some other mode of clarification. This we attempt to do by introducing the air from without or by the use of such disinfectants as set up chemical action and accomplish the same or a similar result. Oftener we resort to mere dilution, as experience has shown that having secured this to a certain amount, we prevent harm until nature can avail herself of its methods for removal of these products. We in general have a very inadequate estimate of the amount of material different from pure air that finds its way into it. Dr. Macadam calculates the aereal sewage of two hundred and fifty thousand people per year, at twenty thousand tons of carbon or sixty thousand tons of carbonic acid. That of all animals, fires, etc., of such a city as Edinburgh, at two hundred and forty thousand tons more, the impure watery vapor from the lungs and skin at sixty thousand more, and from animals at one hundred and forty thousand tons, or in all not less than five hundred thousand tons. Nature has so many ways of disposal that we generally fare well in the open, except where the gases of cities and its organic matters, or those of dense, decaying vegetations pollute the air, or where we mostly breathe house-air. We take into the lungs about two thousand gallons of air every twenty-four hours, so that if it is impure we are greatly interfering with processes of waste and repair. Besides the gaseous matter, there is also much organic material derived from various sources. It is thus evident that as much as we hear about pure foods and pure water supply, either of them is equaled in importance by the necessities of pure air.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—"Say, somebody ain't put no fare in der box," said the driver, opening the door. "Oh, that's a chestnut," replied one of the passengers. "Yes, an' I'm ringin' der bell for it," said the driver, jingling the bell.

—A fascinating highway woman is the latest nocturnal peril of the streets of New York. She smiles and smiles, but she's a villain.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—An anonymous contribution of $27,000 has been received by the Church Missionary Society.

—Pennsylvania has 20,683 public schools, with 980,429 enrolled pupils, and an average daily attendance of 665,300.

—The Yankee is equal to the occasion, be it what it may. A Yankee girl pays her way through Wellesley College by sewing on shoe buttons for the whole college.

—The Quakers have a farm of 720 acres of land near Wabash, Ill., in a high state of cultivation, on which are nearly one hundred young Indians receiving a Christian education.

—The apostolic vicariate of Dakota has at present 90 priests, 130 churches, 100 stations without churches, 20 diocesan students, 24 parochial schools, 4 convents, 3 academies, 10 Indian schools, 1 hospital, and a Catholic population of 80,000.

—A benevolent gentleman in the United States has subscribed $300,000 for the establishment of a university at Nankin. It is hoped that the amount will be increased by contributions to $500,000. Several missionaries are interested in the undertaking.—*North China News.*

—Rev. Mr. Eakin, the missionary who came to this country to obtain funds for the erection of a Christian High School in Bangkok, has returned to his field of labor. He secured $15,000 in this country, to which the King of Siam will add $5,000. The erection of the schools is thus made possible.

—The secretary of the Litchfield (Conn.) School Committee recently received a box containing two dozen extra quality nine-inch foot-balls. They were sent by some one signing himself "An Old Boy," who desired that they might be distributed among the twenty-two free schools of the town.

—The great spread of instruction in the English language in Japan has naturally led to a growing demand for English books. Over 85,000 English books of all classes were imported last year, as against 40,000 in 1885. The import of American books—that is to say, of books printed in America—increased from 59,000 in 1885 to 119,000 in 1886.

—During the last year the Methodist Episcopal church has raised $1,044,795.91 for missions. In addition to this the church has raised $63,000 for Bishop Taylor's work in Africa. But even this immense sum does not represent the religious contributions of this great church, which generously supports a large number of colleges, seminaries, and charitable institutions.

—Upon the arrival of the "Jubilee Fifty," officers of the Salvation Army, who left London in August for India, Commander Tucker found a check for £11,000, which had been sent to him to assist in maintaining the work of the army in that country. The donor, who has amassed a large fortune, mainly in India, recently gave a check for £5,000 toward the same object.

—In a family boarding school, lately, after the Sunday lesson, a group of boys lingered and fell into conversation on the subject of prayer. One boy stated that he never prayed kneeling; he said his prayers in bed. "Ho!" exclaimed the youngest of the group, "that is skim-milk praying." Then there was a hearty shout, showing that it was evident that all saw the difference between an earnest and a lazy rendering of a service.—*Hartford Religious Herald.*

Mrs. Grant's Reminiscences.

For some time various paragraphs have been circulated reporting the approaching publication of Mrs. Grant's reminiscences of her husband. I am authorized to state, for information received by me direct from Mrs. Grant, that she has no such intention, nor will she publish any thing approaching such or any other sort of work. It is true that the material which would make such a book is in Mrs. Grant's hands, but its publication has never been considered by her or her family, except when the newspapers have brought it to her attention that such were her plans. Aside from her disinclination, Mrs Grant's contract with the publishers of the General's "Memoirs" would prevent her from entering into such a publication.—*W. J. Bok, in N. Y. Graphic.*

Not a Ladies' Man.

De Cammack—Charmed to meet you again, Miss Brieback. I remember our Mount Desert summer in 1876 very pleasantly.

Miss Brieback (coldly)—Aren't you a little mistaken in the season. As I remember it was 18—

De C. (getting in deeper and interrupting)—It *was* '66, wasn't it? How time does fly.

Miss B. (frigidly)—It was 1886, Mr. De Cammack!

De C. (desperately)—Well, I knew it ended in a "6" anyway. May I see your card?—*Tid-Bits.*